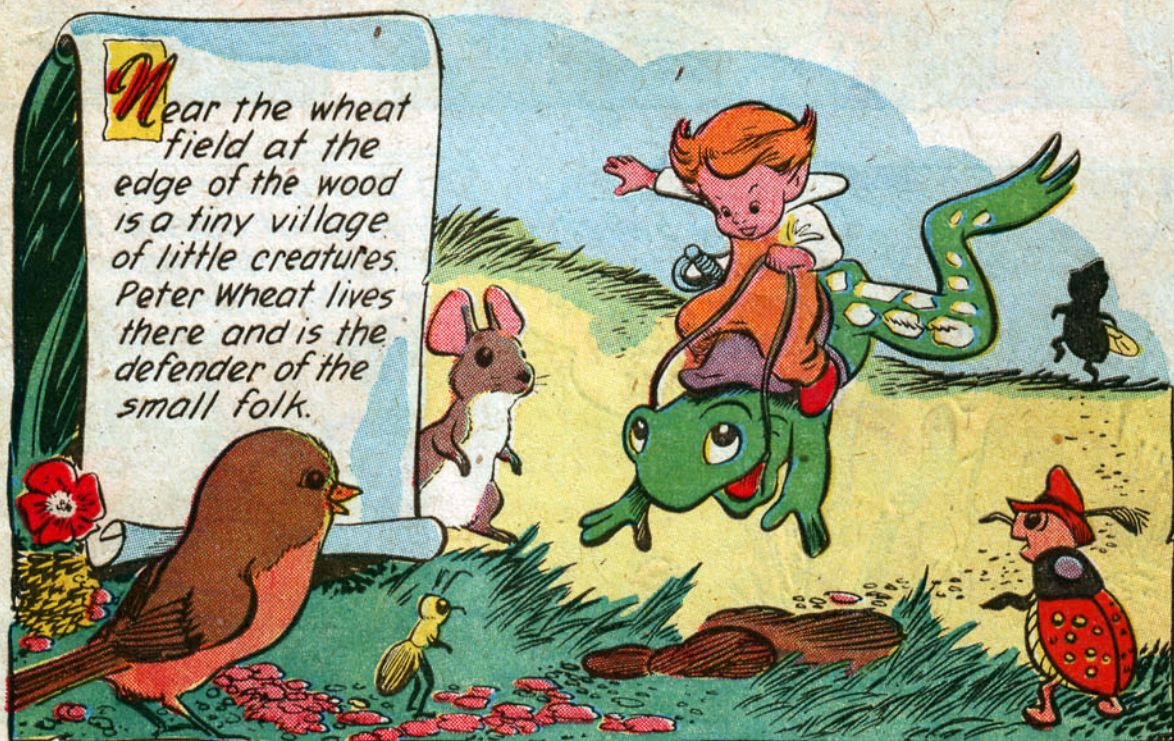




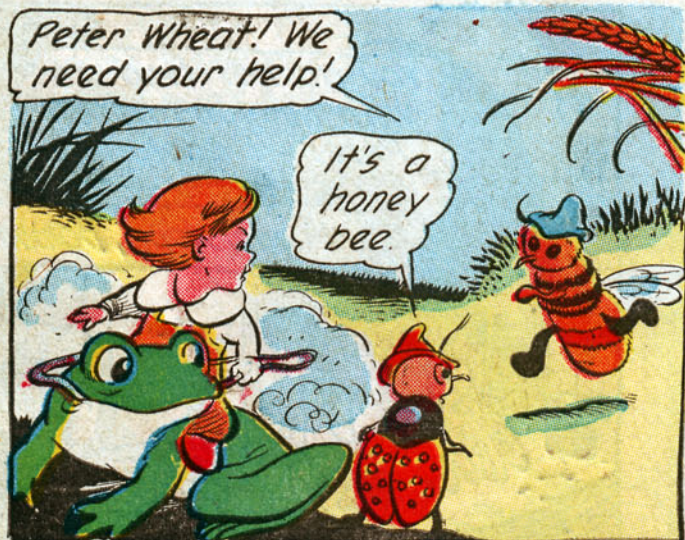
KRUG Presents The Adventures of **PETER WHEAT**

Near the wheat field at the edge of the wood is a tiny village of little creatures. Peter Wheat lives there and is the defender of the small folk.



Peter Wheat! We need your help!

It's a honey bee.

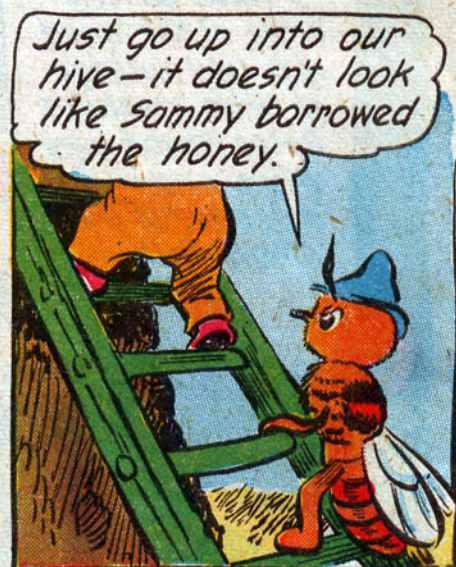
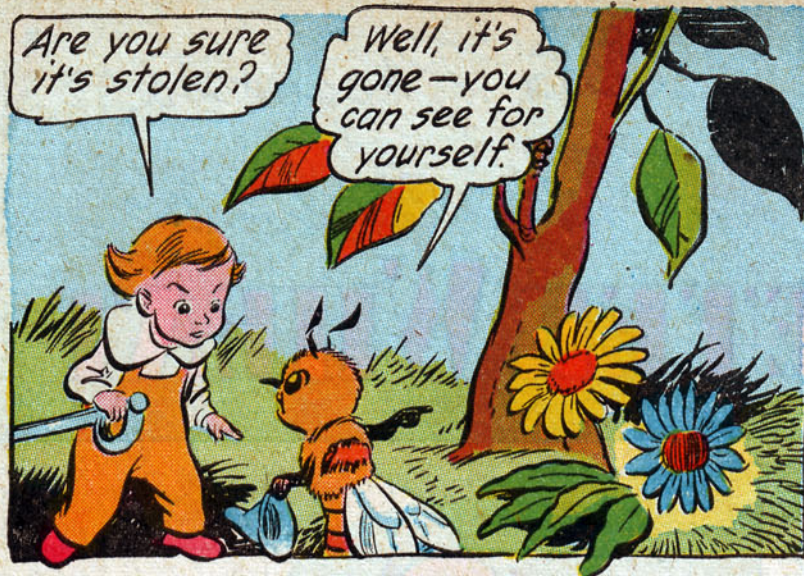


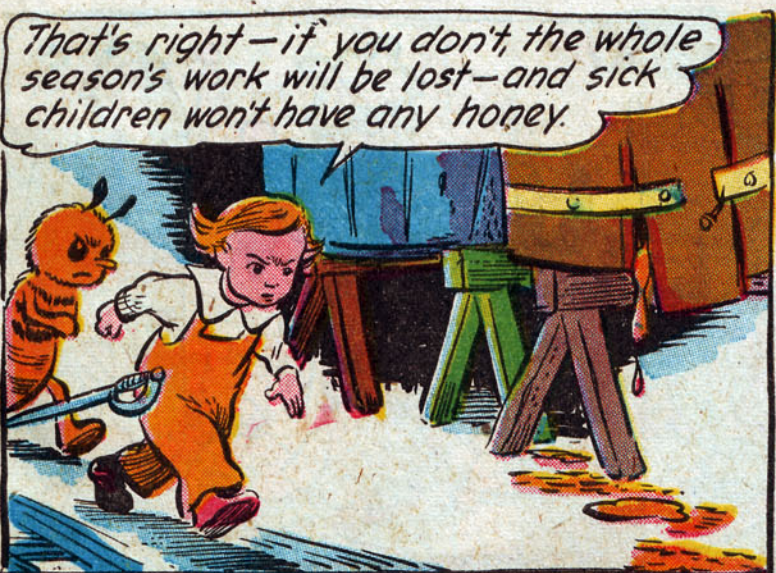
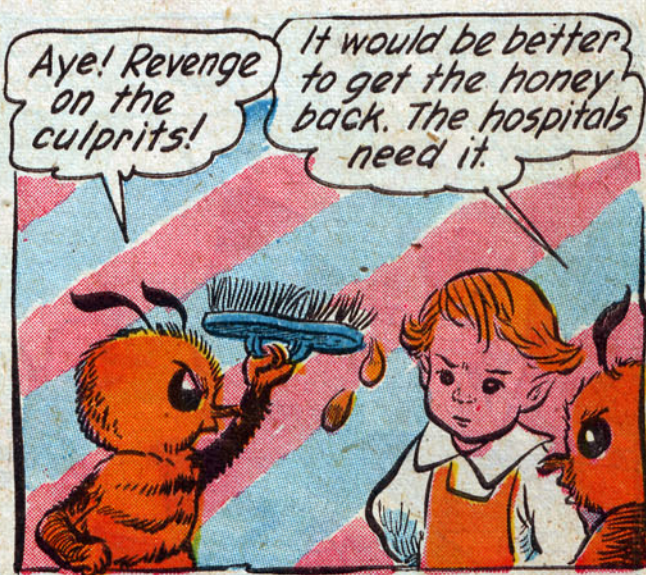
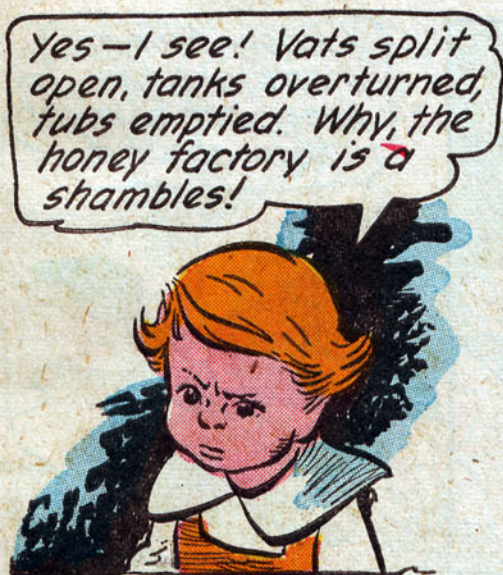
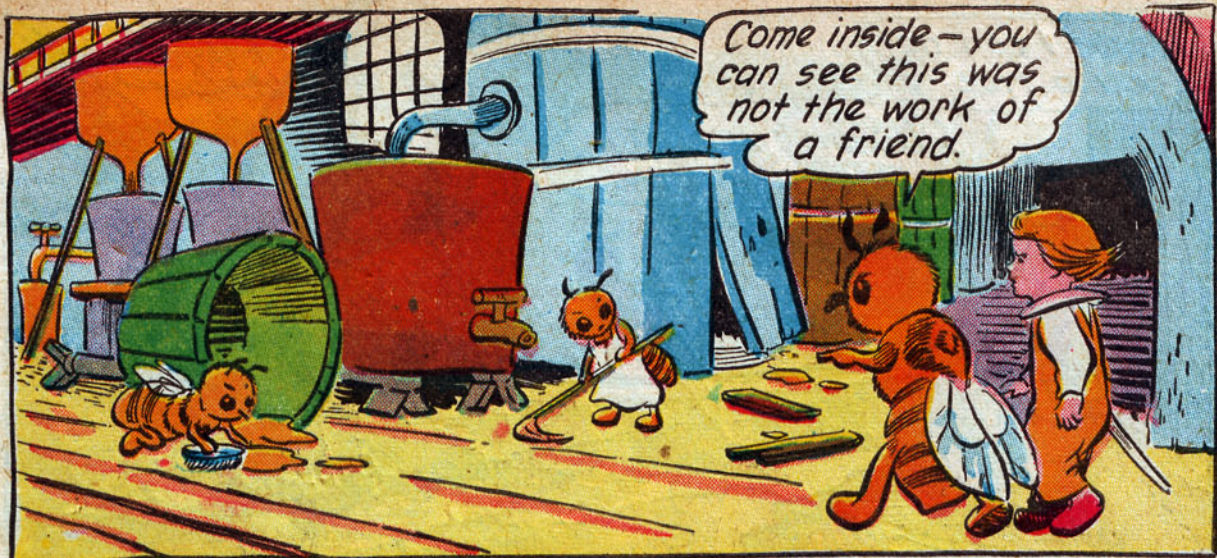
Someone's stolen all of our honey!

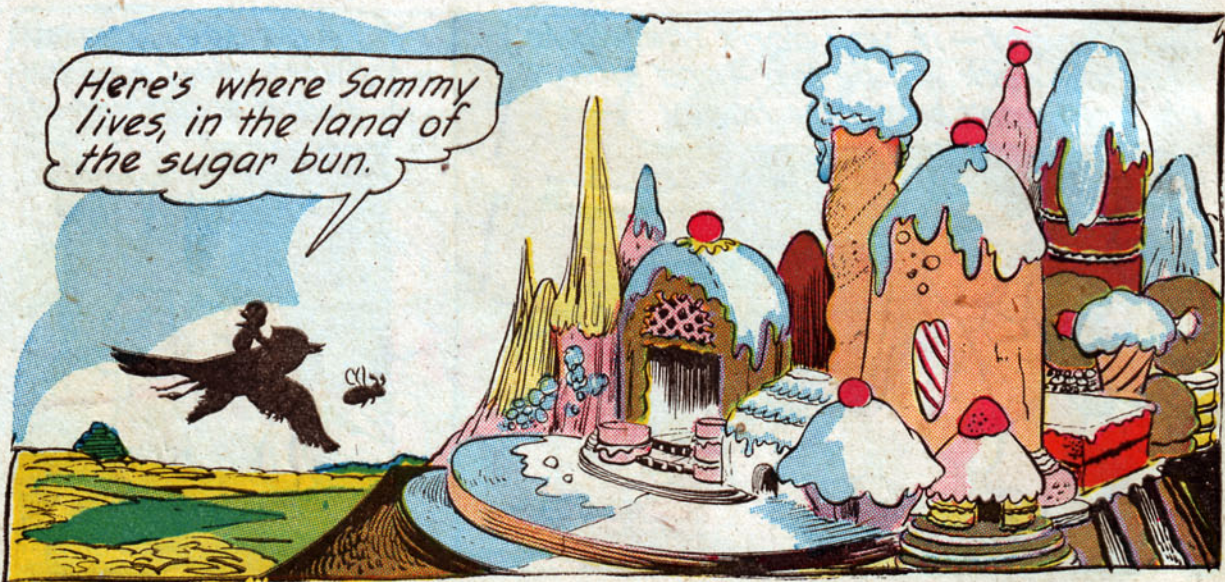
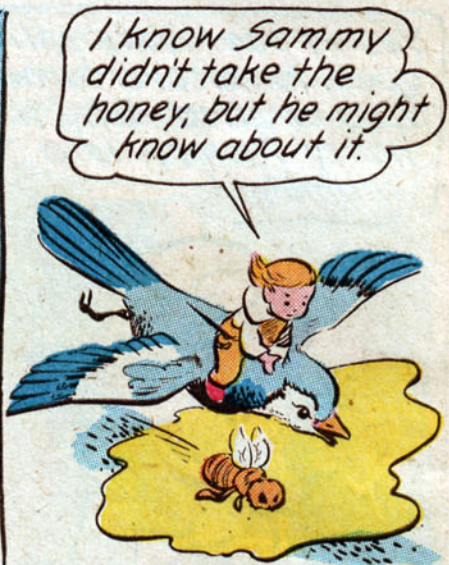
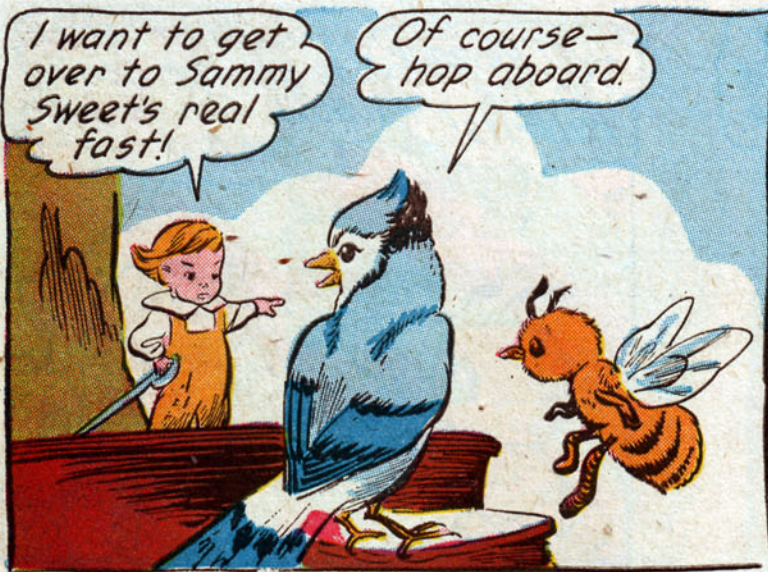
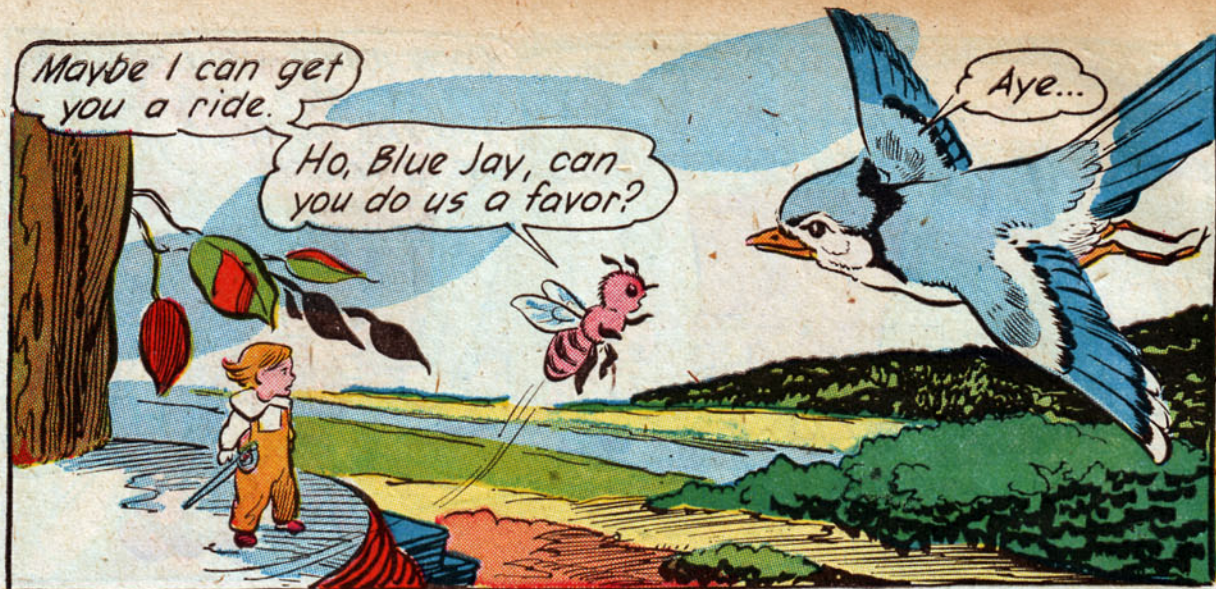




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Bless my soul! Here come visitors!

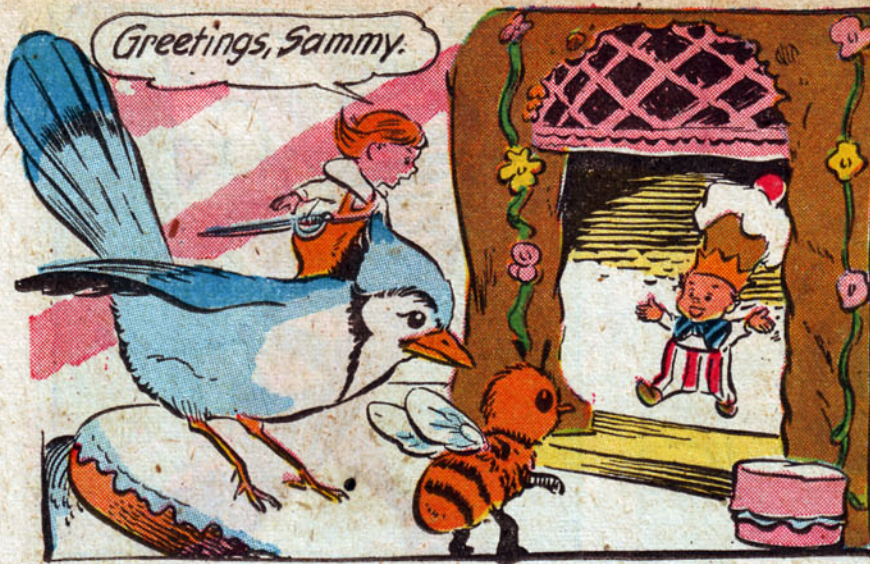
I must tell Sammy.

Sammy, it looks like Peter Wheat is coming.

Good! Good!

We'll prepare a royal banquet.

There will be cupcakes and eclairs and jelly rolls. And jelly doughnuts and pecan buns and...



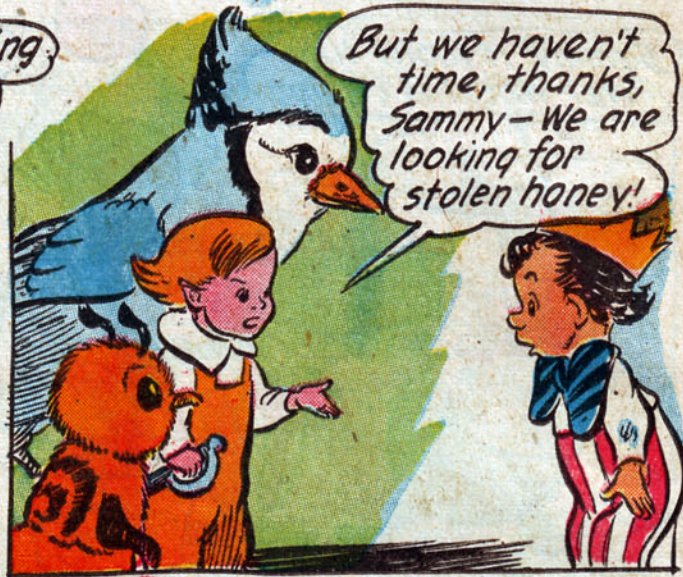
Greetings, Sammy.



Welcome to the
land of the
sugar bun.



We're preparing
a banquet
in your
honor.



But we haven't
time, thanks,
Sammy - We are
looking for
stolen honey!

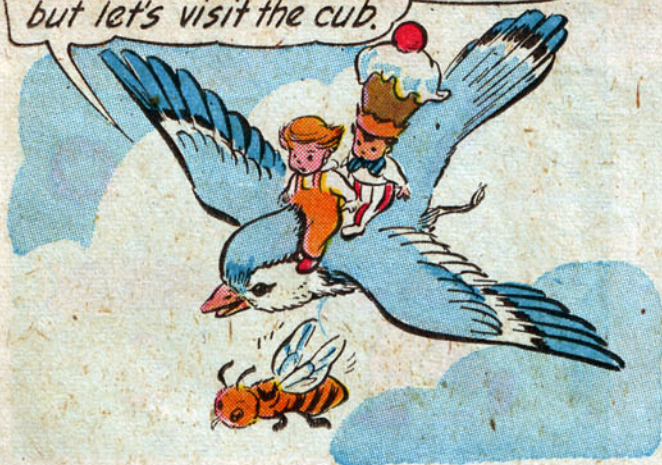
Mmm - it makes my mouth
water to think of it...
Seems to me the bear
cub said something
about honey.

Yes, he did - said he
didn't need any cupcakes
this morning from our
bakery truck. Said he
was making honey buns.

Maybe
that's
it!



The forest animals don't destroy everything when they take food—but let's visit the cub.

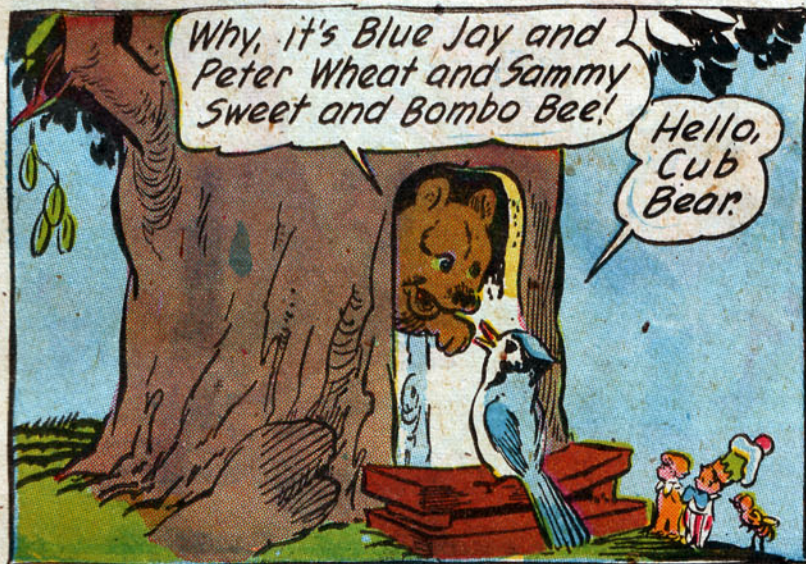


These buns are the best I ever made—mm, somebody's at the door.



Why, it's Blue Jay and Peter Wheat and Sammy Sweet and Bombo Bee!

Hello, Cub Bear.



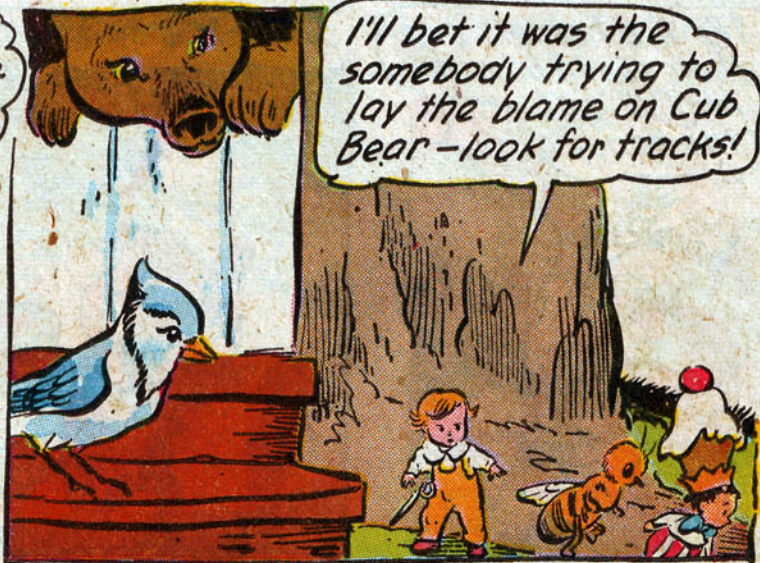
Do you know anything about some stolen honey?

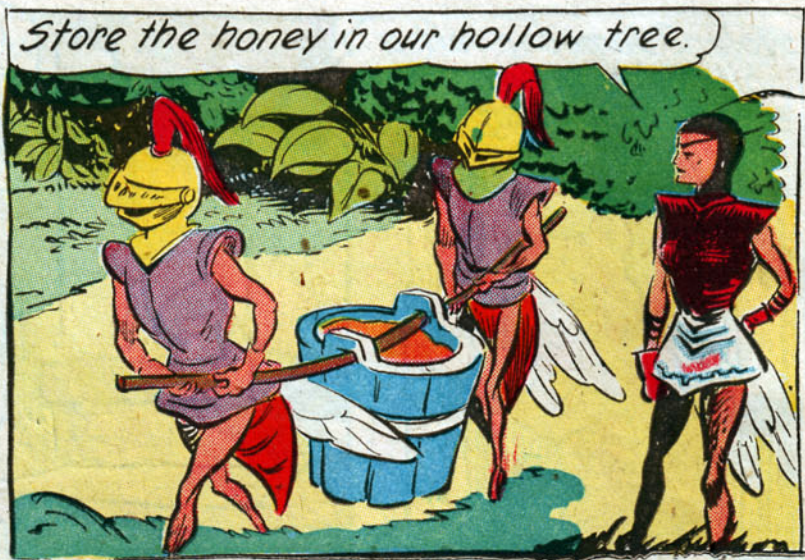
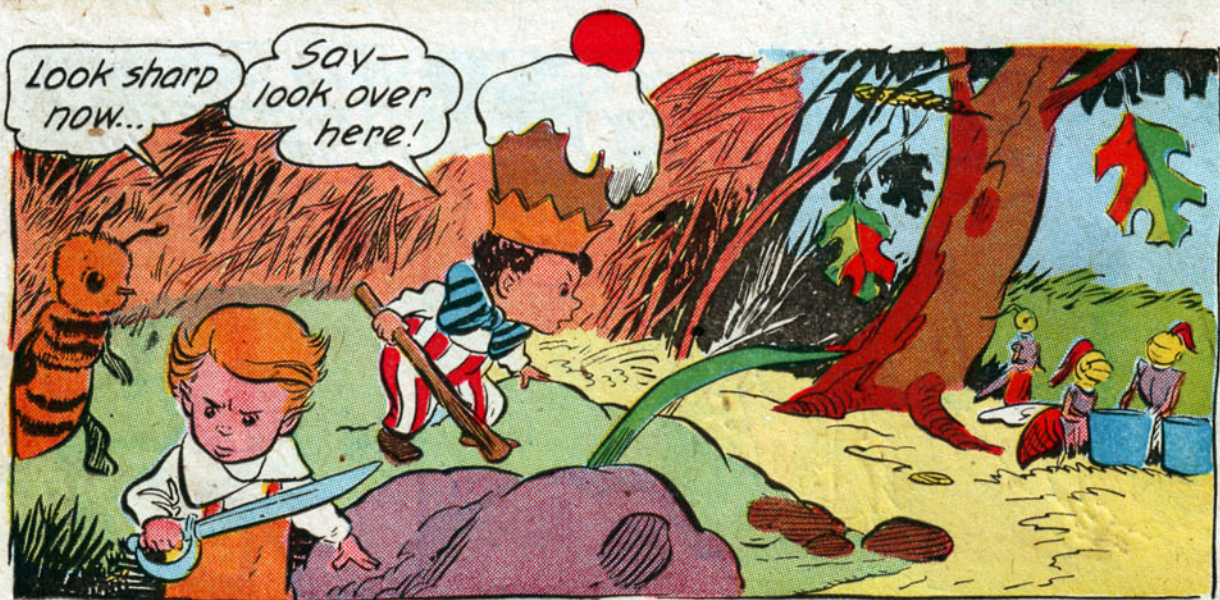
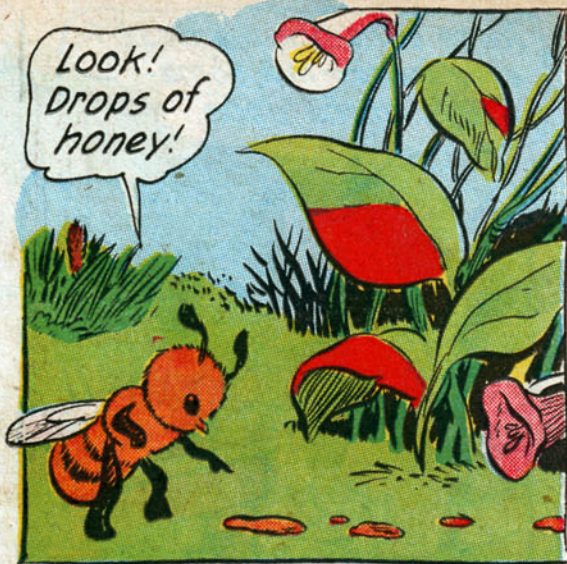


Stolen? Someone left a pail of honey on my doorstep this morning, but I don't know who.

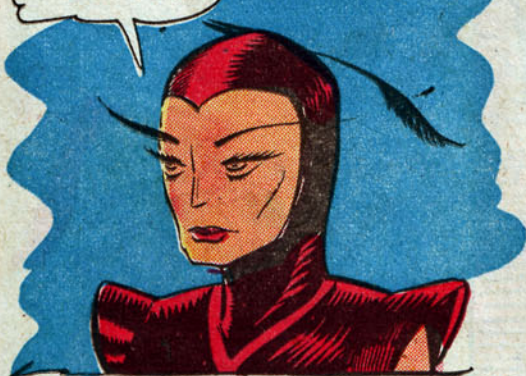


I'll bet it was the somebody trying to lay the blame on Cub Bear—look for tracks!





We've got enough honey for all winter—and the bees will never know who took it.



Come on—let's light into them!

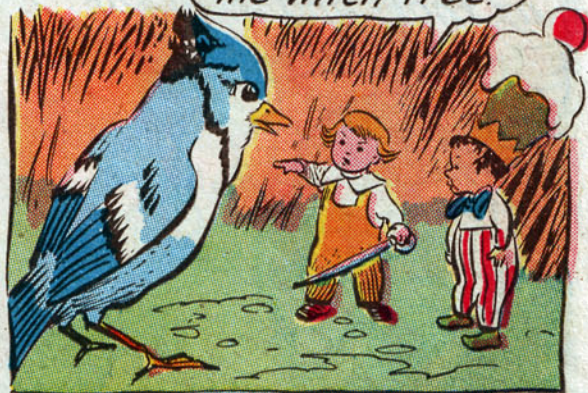
Nay—we'd be killed!



Blue Jay, fly over them and make fun of their honey...



Tell them you know where there is ten times as much honey—then guide them to the witch tree.



Now, Sammy and Bombo, come with me



Wonder what Peter's got in mind?



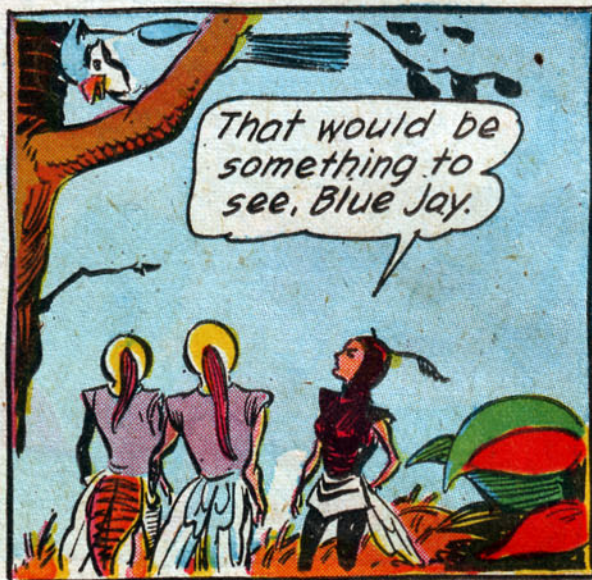


Aah—hah—
hah-hah!

Ha! Thou empty
head! Laugh at
your betters,
you dolt!



Empty head? At least I know
where there is twice—nay—
TEN TIMES as much honey
as that! And there for
the taking, too.

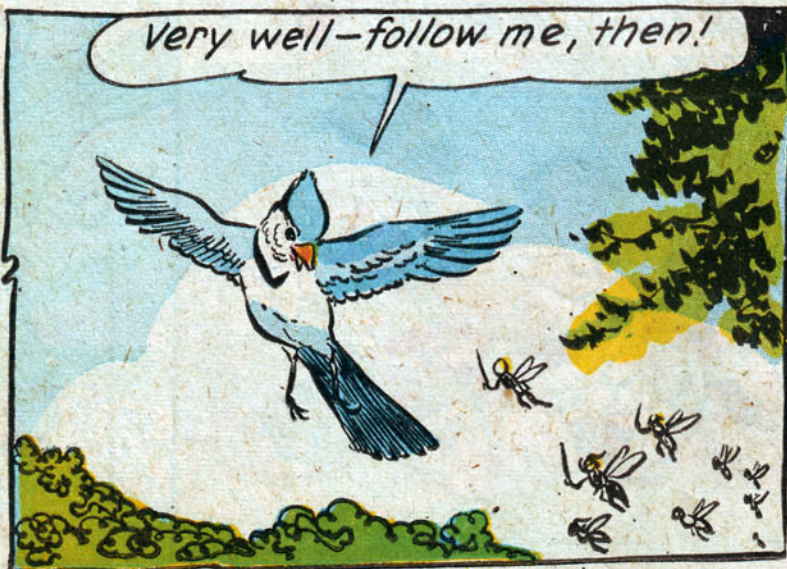


That would be
something to
see, Blue Jay.

And if you tell the
truth, perhaps you
can show us?



Very well—follow me, then!



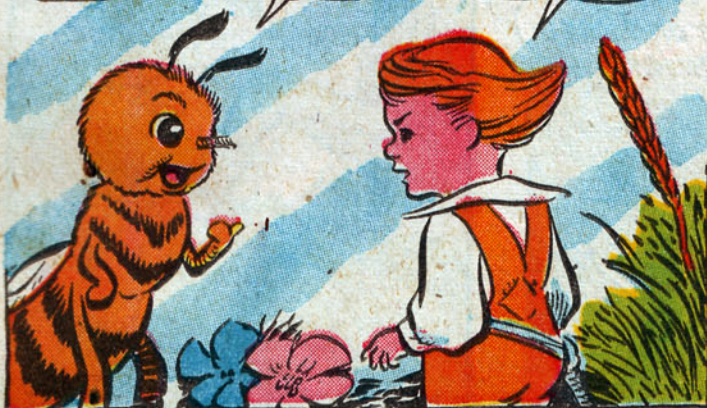
At the Witch Tree



That marshmallow from Sammy Sweet's kitchen is good and sticky.

Here's hoping the hornets fall into our trap.

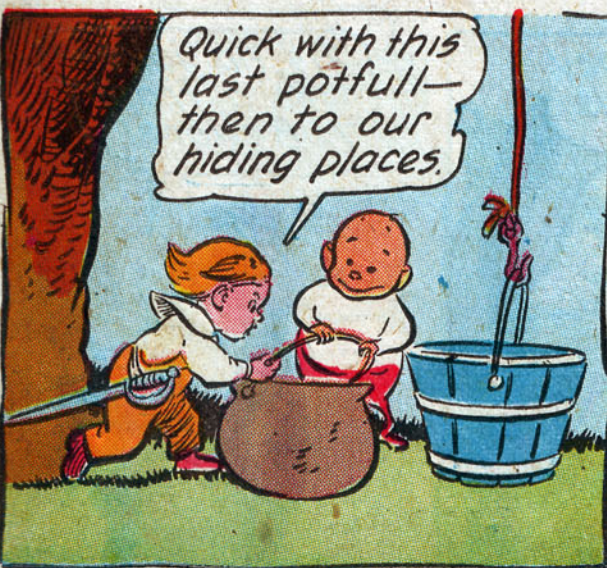
Blue Jay is screaming a warning in the distance.



They're coming!

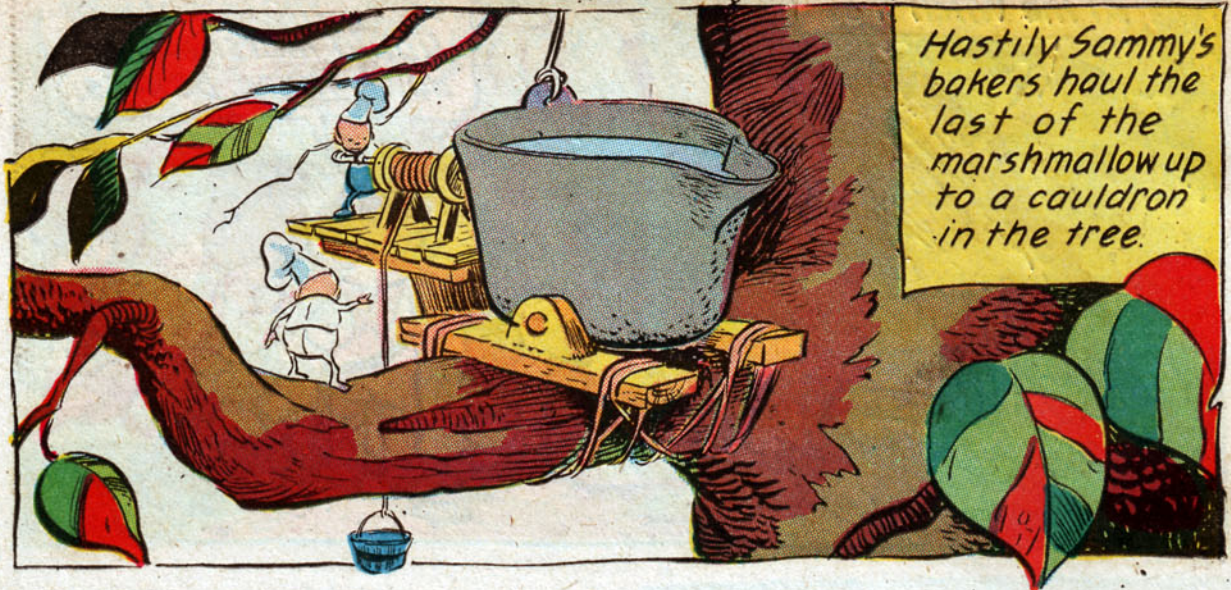


Quick with this last potfull—then to our hiding places.

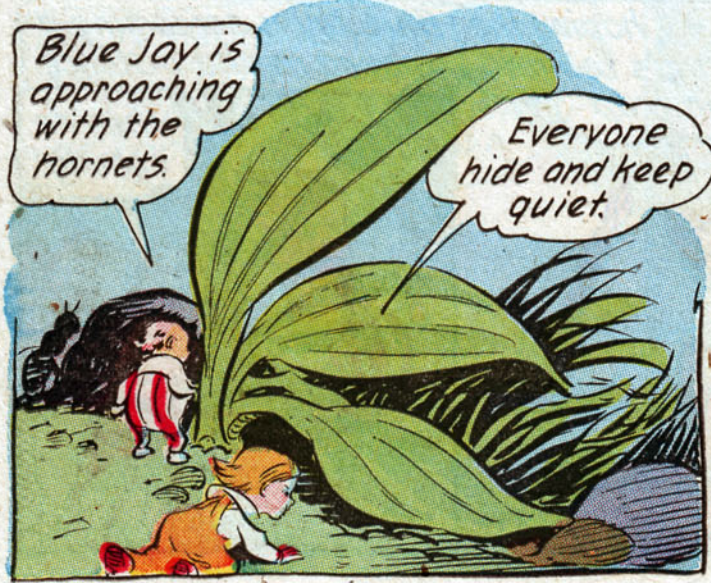


That's the last of it—haul away up there.





Hastily Sammy's bakers haul the last of the marshmallow up to a cauldron in the tree.

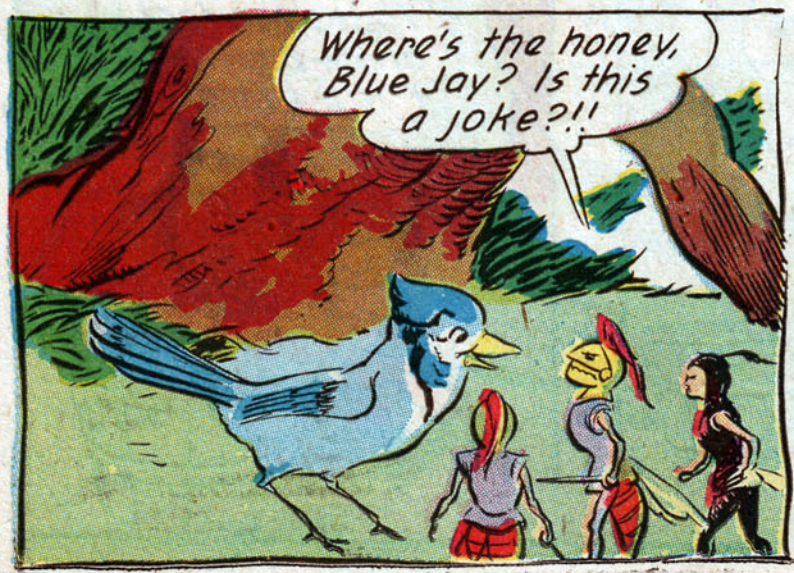


Blue Jay is approaching with the hornets.

Everyone hide and keep quiet.



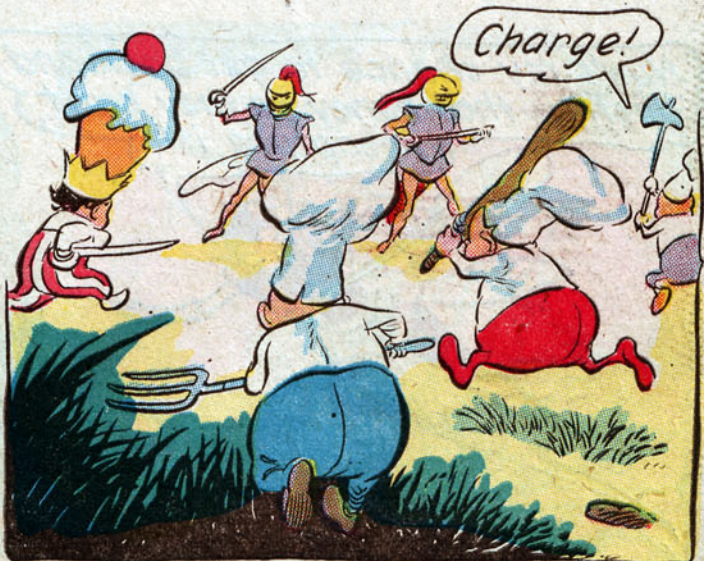
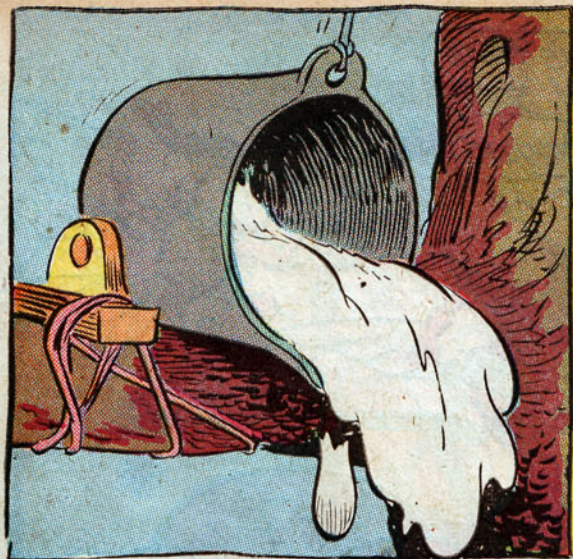
Here we are!



Where's the honey, Blue Jay? Is this a joke?!!

'Tis no joke — it's a trap! Beware!



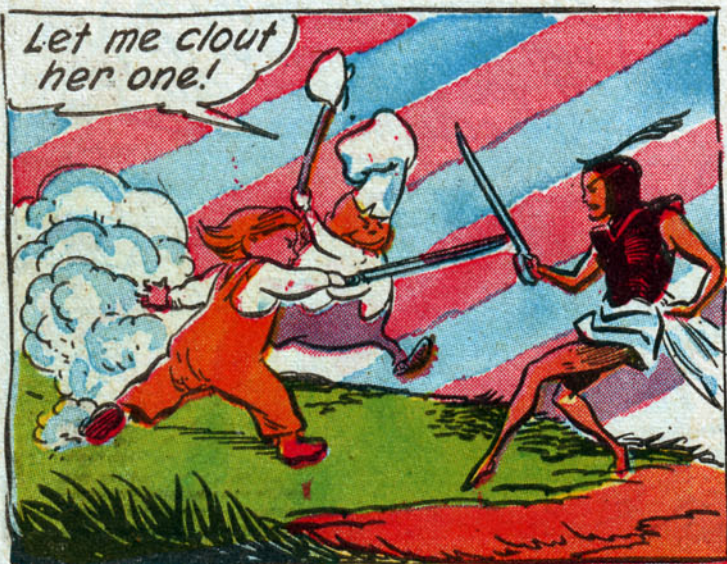


You're outnumbered this time
Dragonel—surrender!

Never!



Let me clout
her one!



Oof! I tripped!

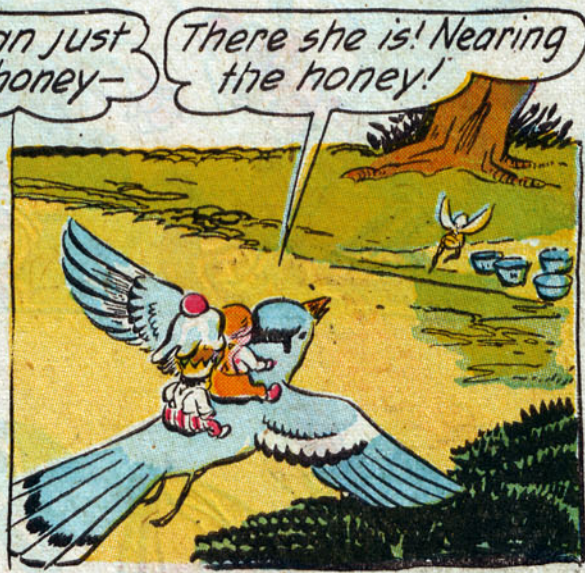
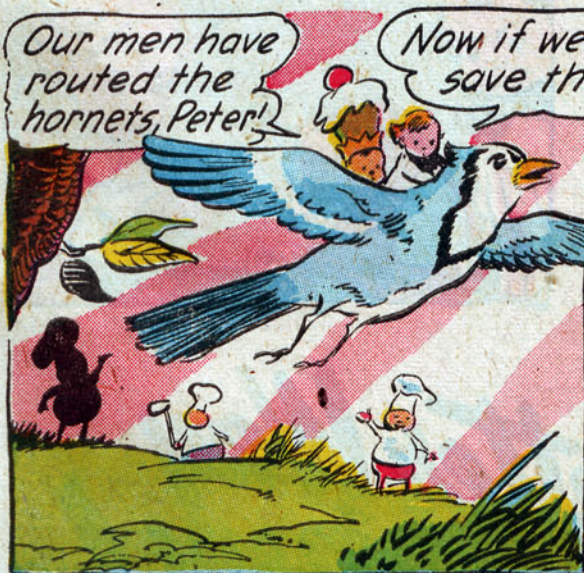
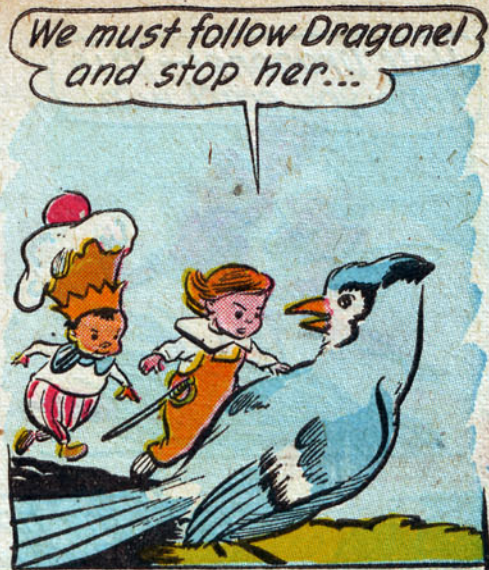
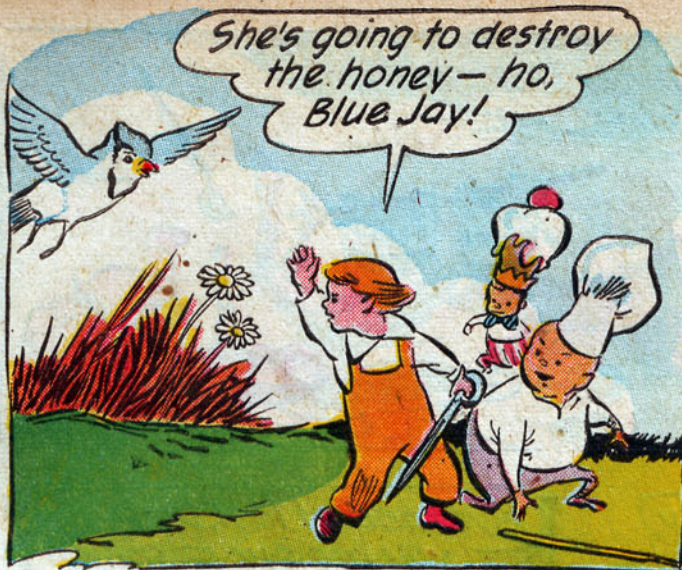


Now's my chance to get back and
destroy that honey so they can't
recapture it!



She got away—and
unless I miss my
guess, she—





Halt, Dragonel!—this time you can't win!



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